riscera."

#### COURT SCENES.

IL. THE THREE JUDGES-THE ATTORNEY-GEN-

ERAL-SIR CHARLES RUSSELL. THOM THE REGULAR CONRESPONDENT OF THE TRI London, March 1

Sir James Hannen is the central figure of this urious some. You might take him as a type of English judge of the highest class. bar, who are the best critics of the bench, regard m as one of the strongest judges now living; wyer who is not merely learned, but lucid, capable of grasping both principles and ts, never losing his way in any of the legal cinths which he has daily to tread. say that he is impartial is to say what is as ed of every English judge. Seldem indeed has the uprightness of an English judge been d till party necessities, or supposed nesitles, sought for a political bias in a judicial ed; sought and found it not. Since this long in, his face has gradually assumed a permanent expression of patient benignity. If ever man's patience was tried, Sir James Hannen's has been tried. Solemn as the business before him is, it has at times been tedious; at many times and for long together. The tedium has left its stamp on these fine features. The benignity is still there, but it is a more patient benignit then before. You can see that he has nerved himself to a great task of endurance, of lone suffering, yet with the mind ever on a strain; schful, ever ready to intervene upon the appeal of counsel and sometimes without it. There is resignation in the very folding of the ads over the judicial note-book when, as happens often, the pencil stops and the notes are interrupted. Counsel might, if they would, take this as a signal, but they will not. They plod on, regardless of the broad judicial hint addressed to

Counsel were, perhaps, at first, especially Sir Charles Russel, slightly misled by the kindliness of Sir James Hannen's manner. It was not long before they felt the iron firmness beneath. Again and again did Sir Charles try a fall with Sir James; never to his advantage. Against this imperturbable smoothness of solid strength, the waves beat in vain. Sir Charles has a temperament not at all moments entirely within his control-just a touch of the irritability that so often goes with genius. He is used to having his own way, even with a strong judge, and he endures with evident chafing the rebuke which he occasion ally invites. It is charming to see Sir James administer it; so gentle is he, so judicial, and unmistakably the master in his own court.

His two colleagues need hardly be mentioned. Both are able men; neither feels called on to tak an active part in these proceedings. Mr. Justice Day is credibly affirmed to have uttered but three audible words in open court since last October. There are those who say he sleeps; an undoubted calumny. The pile of books, of printed reports of the evidence, of printed documents in the chair beside his, grows ever higher. On Thursday last he upset them; the first real sensation he has created. Mr. Justice Smith is less of a luy figure. He has been known to have put a question to a witness. I have heard him do this more than once. He, like Mr. Lockwood, Q. C., is a draughtsman, and on Friday, the day after Mr. Justice Day upset his pile of books, he spent some part of the morning in furtively sketching Mr. Richard Pigott. Both these subordinate members of the court are consulted, when occasion arises, by the presiding judge. Once or twice there has been a prolonged subdued discussion between them, due, I thought, to the fact that the right and left hand supporters of Sir James were agreeing against him on some awkward point of law. I don't doubt they collapsed ere the end

A long, long row of counsel sit facing the three judges; the interval of space between bench and bar being filled by persons and personages who must be considered later, if at all. The counsel stretch from one side of the court to the other and the row is double; leaders in front, juniors behind. I think we must leave most of then The two supremely interesting ones are leaders, one on either side; the Attorney al for "The Times," and Sir Charles Russell for Mr. Parnell. You may speak of the former as the Attorney-General, or as Mr. Attorney, by which odd title he has from time immemorial been or as Sir Richard Webster, briefly, as Sir Richard. To string of aliases may be added the cometimes hear his learned friends speak of him in private. Perhaps they who know him least use 'A distinguished artist, who has been in complained of the Attorney-General as place "He looks too much like other men," said this fastidious observer. Well, there are points of resemblance, no doubt; two eyes, two ears, a nose, a mouth; other points also. It is ss a strong and strongly marked face, not to be mistaken by the most careless for any ther face in court! My artist friend has Home Rule sympathies; probably he supposes them to be opinious, and so Sir Richard, being on the wrong side in politics, falls short of the aesthetic tests applied to him in art.

He is, or was, supposed to be in training for the Lord Chancellorship, and he has, whether for that or some other reason, acquired a slightly ecclesiast of countenance; as if in memory of the early days when Lord High Chancellors were ecelesiastics, or, possibly, in tribute to the churchmanlike qualities of such more recent keepers of Her Majesty's conscience as the late Lord Cairns and the present Lord Selborne. He is a good lawyer, a good advocate, widely experienced at where his practice equals the best' expert in all causes of business and commerce. In this particular cause, which has to do with neither, the Attorney-General seems a little, if only a little, out of place, or, in the French phrase, out of his own country. He conducts it as he would conduct an action on a bill of lading or a promissory note. He is too able a man not to do all the legal part of it thoroughly well, but the political and what may be called the popular part of it escape Now that the letters are known to be forge Sir Richard Webster is made to bear his full burden of blame for them, and is savagely attacked by the more unmannerly part of the Home Rule press. I suppose his mistake was in not looking beyond the four corners of his brief. Such, however, is the habit of the English bar; a habit that springs from the strict distribution of duties been the two distinct branches of the legal profession. But that is too large a subject to enter upon in the midst of a sketch. It is only with the orney-General in court and as part of the court and of the scene at which we are looking that I have anything to do.

In all but the supreme moments he is excellent examining witnesses, in arguing points of law, is punctual, lucid, methodical, above all cheery ept this air of blithe contentment even while gott was going to pieces before his eyes. He pt it under the mortification of Mr. Macdonald and even while Mr. Soames was avowing under ditions of wooden indifference he had no ed the story, first of Mr. Houston, then of tt. He subdued it only when he came into cours on that memorable Wednesday morning to read out the confession and meagre self-inculpa-tion of his elients. Ordinarily his voice rings bell. He is never at a loss for a word; is, perhaps, the reason why the unflattering ce might be more truly applied to his diction ie, for that matter, is now thought a superus thing at the English Bar. But nobody is ever at a loss to know exactly what the Attorney r at a loss to know exactly what the Attorney-cred means, and he has a gift of bringing out a a witness a clear statement of Lots by the rness of his questions. He has, withal, that siling dignity of deportment which becomes the the Law Officer of the Crown, and with it; on rtain peremptory decisiveness, an air authority, a visible determination to

have his own way, and a very considerable success in getting it which may be held to justify the

Sir Charles Russell is a much more difficult attempt. topic than the Attorney-General. The most prejudiced opponent would never think of calling him commonplace. What he does, he does in a way of his own; whether it be examining a witness, or taking snuff, or trying the strength of his will against Sir James Hannen's. He has plunged into this cause with his whole heart and soul. He is a convinced Home Ruler, and he cares at least as much for the political side of it as for the professional. That is one secret of the continued collisions occurring between him and the Attorney-General, and between him and Mr. Justice Hannen. The advocate and the Home Rule member for South Hackney are both here in court, and both equally concerned for Mr. Parnell. Private friendship and regard for the Irish leader have also something to do with the matter. I have seen and heard many of these collisions. In no one of them did Sir Charles come off victor, yet in almost any of them he was to be seen at his best, from at least one point of view, For this great advocate is also a very good actor, and he often seems aware that he is playing to a far greater audience than that which crowds this narrow court-room. Lords," burst out Sir Charles last Wednesday, so convinced am I of the iniquity of these proceedings that I am determined to bring it into the light of day, whether it be pleasing to your lordships or whether it be not." Sir James Hannen leaned a little forward and answered softly Sir Charles, that observation is not addressed to this tribunal"; with an emphasis on "this" then after a slight pause; " or, if it is, it ought not to be." The rebuke was as severe as it was gentle, but Sir Charles was far too much in earnest to feel it or to show that he felt it, and on he went in his appeal to court and to public. His is a nature so sympathetic that it creates

sympathies. The Attorney-General read out that sorry apology of "The Times" in a mechanical way-professional, no doubt-that might have robbed a much more adequate statement of its value. Had the duty devolved on Sir Charles, the stiff, cold, selfish phrases would. I am sure, have seemed graceful and generous. Listen to him when he is moved. The voice vibrates. The heart beats. The face flushes and the eye kindles. There is something more than a lawyer. There is a man. The cool, wary, adroit, experienced advocate is full of manly impulses. The Attorney-General is all muscle, Sir Charles all nerves. The one addresses the intelligence or the reason, and that only; the other appeals to everything that is human. No small part of Sir Charles Russell's renown has come to him from his cross-examinations. No man is so dreaded. He dazzled the court, some weeks ago, by conjuring the letters out of a reluctant witness's pocket and the secret out of his soul. I have watched these processes as I sat in court, and sought for the principle on which they are conducted. I doubt whether there be any one principle, or any one spring on the touching which he relies. His cross-examinations so many studies in psychology; so many exercises in mental philosophy; moral, too. If you want to know what is inside a room, you get inside to see. That is what Sir Charles does with his witnesses: enters into them, which to him seems simpler and neater than turning them inside out. Here it is also that his sympathetic temperament stands him in such good stead. Sympathy is the beginning of understanding and of insight. He can take all tones to a witness, and does. He knows how and when to eajole and threaten; to coax, convince and terrify. His methods are as various as the witnesses on whom they are tried. I suppose I shall have to say something presently about Pigott, and that will be as good an opportunity as any other of seeing Sir Charles Russell at his G. W. S.

### BETTING ON THE PILOTS.

THE SPORT OF YOUNG MEN WHO CROSS THE CORTLANDT-ST. FERRY.

"There are men with whom the gambling is so strong that they will bet on the most trivial circumstances of daily life if they can get any one to bet with them," said one Pennsylvania Railroad commuter to another while crossing the Cortlandt st, ferry one morning recently.

The suburban resident gave several filustrations in explanation of his remark, and said that he had frequently been much amused while listening to the wagers of two young men whom he often met on ness hours. Every morning, he said, these fellows would bet each other cigars for the day's smoking, their noonday luncheons, boxes of candy for their sweethearts, oyster suppers, tickets to the theatre and even commutation rallway tickets, or some other small stake, on the ability of the pilot of the ferryboat to run his craft within a certain distance of the "bridge" without touching either side of the slip. Standing on the bow near the gates, the bettors would carefully consider the swing of the boat as she approached the slip, her headway and the run of the tide in order to take away every possible advantage of prevailing conditions. "Let's go forward," said the narrator, "perhaps

we will see our gamblers this morning." Sure enough, there they were, leaning on the gates and eagerly watching the course of the boat as she neared the Manhattan shore. Two bells had just rung when one of the young men exclaimed, "I'll bet you cigars we touch this side of that white indicating a board on the northern side of the allp which for a part of its length bore the opposite color to that of its neighbors.

"I'll go you," was the prompt reply, and the in-Several of the surrounding passengers had heard the wager, and they, too, became considerably interested. Probably two scores of nears an equal number of heads were bent forward in eager ness to note the result. The bettors themselves kept their eyes on a line with the white board. The mark was neared almost breathlessly, and passed without a touch. The sense of relief from tension was suc ceeded by a feeling of wonderment quite as powerful, for the boat was heading straight for the bridge withfor the boat was heading straight for the bridge without touching either side. A little cheer was raised when the convex bow of the boat came with a sump exactly into the concave front of the bridge, while the header-rail had touched neither side of the slip. Many of the witnesses exclaimed that they had never seen the feat accomplished before. The young gamesters laughingly called the bot a draw, because of the remarkable result.

Later one of the commuters saked the pilot if it required much skill to bring a boat in that way.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's almost impossible to do so when the tide is running either way, although we can generally get a boat well into the slip at slack water. The object in trying to prevent contact with the yielding sides of the slip is to avoid the consequent strain to the boat and machinery from the greater or less concussion."

Since attention was first called to the novel method of wagering, several other parties have been observed to be intently engaged in speculating in a similar mars ner, and if the practice increases sufficiently is has been suggested that it may pay the poolecilers to look into it with a view to their own pecuniary advanage.

REGISTERED LETTERS POR ME! QUAY!

From The Washington Post. Senator Quay probably receives more registered tiers at present than any other single individua Senator Quay Processory receives more registered letters at present than any other single individual in Washington. These letters, however, do not contain money or other valuables, as would be naturally supposed, but are nearly all applications for office. The letters are registered for two reasons—to prevent loss in the mails and to accure a receipt showing that they were safely delivered. Ar application for office that comes in an unregistered letter is thrown aside by some people as soon as it is received. If the sender is seen by the person to whom the letter is addressed he can, by stretching the truth, be told that his application was never received. The shrewd office-seeker has learned the method which is nead by a number of members to get rid of "chronic bores." and the letter is registered to prevent the possibility of any such exomes.

## SOME MUSICAL PROPLE

from The Boston Courier.

Some musical people were discoursing the other day, and among other things that were said on the occasion were two or three stories, more or lass closely connected with their art. One well-known closely connected by a young lady one day said to

"I don't see what this piece has such a queer name "Queer name," he repeated, looking at it; "that very often used by musicians." But what does it mean?" she arked. hat does it mean!" she asked. "It seems to Barlo'cole is a very odd name for a piece

of music."
At first he was inclined to believe she was quit.
At first he was inclined to believe she was quit.
At first he was inclined to believe she was quit.
And the was moreover, a girl who was incapable
of making a joils.

"The name," he accevered gravate, "is not Bar-

rel o' coal. It is Barcarolle, an Italian word which means boat-song." means boat song."

Another of the dunces whose mission in life is to make their musical teachers unhappy is quoted as discoursing upon the music of Wagner; beginning, of course, with the question how her teacher

ning, of course, with the question now her tescent liked it.

The musician was elever enough to frame a non-committal answer, which cut off discussion in that direction, but that did not prevent her from going on to say that it seemed to her very strange that the Wagner festival should be given in a place so far removed. The other, who was born so near far removed, the other, who was born so near far removed, inquired what she meant.

"Why," she answered, "it must be dreadfully inconvenient for people to go to Asia Minor just to hear an opera. I should think there must be places quite as good in Europe."

The other looked at her, and decided that it was perfectly safe to fool her to the top of her bent.

"But, you see," he answered with all the gravity maginable, "Wagner was very peculiar in his notions, and he wrote for the Asian atmosphere, so that to and he wrote for the Asian atmosphere, so that to get the full effect of his works it is necessary to hear them in that country. As you say, it is a greathother to travel all the way to Beirout, to hear the Wagnerian opera in all its perfection. But then," he will have a supersonable to the supersonable that the perfection is the property of the supersonable that the perfection is the supersonable that the perfection.

it is probable that the questioner will never the difference between Bayreuth and Befrout.

### WAS HE REALLY PATRICK EGAN

STRANGE MAN WITH MR. EGAN'S NAME ON HIS SHIRT COLLAR SAYS SOME STRANGE THINGS TO THE REPORTER OF A PAPER THAT DOESN'T LIKE IRISH

#### REPUBLICANS.

Late on Saturday night a week ago a gentle-looking oan, rather small of stature, with closely clipped sandy hair sprinkled through with gray and a beard o much the same color, and wearing a large and beautiful emerald in his broad shirt-front, ascended the stateway of the Astor House, stepped up to the desk and wrote upon the register these words; "Patrick For half an hour he stood in the Egan, Lincoln, Neb." corridor of the hotel chatting with a group of friends who had gathered to meet him, and finally, as the hands together upon the figure XII, he of his watch came bade them good-night and started off to his room. At this moment he was approached by a dapper little fellow who presented his card with a show of no little

self-importance. "I am a reporter for "The -, " said the little young man, mentioning the name of a morning newspaper, which, however mindful of the policy that enders support of the Home Rule cause prudent in a political sense, is particularly hostile and offensive to Irish Republicans.

The gentle-mannered man took the card, read it carefully, and said: "Well, sir, how can I serve you?"

"I want to interview you." " Really 1"

"Yee, sir. I want to ask your opinions about Mr. Harrison, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstors,

Pigott, and, O, lots of things." I doubt if the public cares to hear any more of my views at this time, and I doubt if your paper would print them, even were I to tell them." "O, yes, it would."

"Yes, indeed."

"Then go ahead with your questions. Ask me whatever you wish, only be very careful to take down

just what I say." " Certainly, str." "Suppose we walk up to my room?" This was assented to and they got into the elevator.

alighting at the third floor. They walked down the orrider and stopped in front of a bedroom door. In the meantime the dapper little fellow had already begun his cross-examination. "You are being much talked of for Minister to Mexi-

co," be said.

"Yes. Do you expect to be appointed?" "Not in the least. I have no favors to General Harrison. I do not admire him."

"Not admire him! Why, I thought you were one of his warmest supporters." "O, no. I consider him a very small man-small

and bad !" The reporter set at work furiously getting this or per. "Bad!" he exclaimed, in echo.
"Very bad," said the other, gravely. "He will paper.

bring the country to ruin." "May I print that?" .

" Certainly." "Then your favor is confined to Mrt Blaine !"

"To Blaine! O, no. Blaine is sindonbtedly the nost wicked man in America. He has no ability what ever, and it is a great public calamity to call him to

"This is very interesting," said the reporter, with ar enthusiastic smile, as he scribbled merrily away. We'll have an editorial about it. I have entirely misunderstood your position."

"That's strange," replied the gentle-mannered man It is perfectly well known. I have always been accustomed to assert my opinions." "I suppose you are much delighted with the way

the Pigott affair turned out?" rigott! I greatly sympathize with Pigott," was the unexpected response. cultivated gentleman, gifted and patriotic. He has been grossly abused and misrepresented. Now, every-body's jumping on him and I'm glad to say a work in his defence. As a literary man Pigott did honor to his profession, as an Irishman he was worthy of the highest fame."

The dapper little fellow looked decidedly quee But, pevertheless," he said, feebly, "you are glad of Parnell's vindication !"

"Well, but is he vindicated? For my part, I doubt it. Everybody knows he's guilty. Everybody knows that he is chiefly responsible for the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burko. Mr. Parnell is man of very inferior attainments whose-

Excuse me, sir," said the dapper little fellow utterly bewildered, "but I think I must have made a mistake. Is your name Egan !"

"Egan! What Egan ?"

" Patrick Egan ?" "What, the dynamiteur? How dare you, sir! Who told you I was Egan the dynamiteur?" "I beg pardon, it's all the fault of the hotel clerk.

But he certainly said you were Mr. Egan. Come now, haven't you been joking? Aren't you Mr. "My lad," said the gentle-mannered man, laying his hand in a gentle-mannered way upon the dapper little fellow's shoulder, "my lad, I wish you well. You say the hotel clerk says I am Patrick Egan. Very well.

suspect the hotel clerk is as bad a man as Jim Blaine. But if you prefer to believe him, go ahead Print what I have told you as coming from Mr. Rgar if you really think the hotel clork worthy of con idence. If I were a malicious man I should wish you and Egan no worse fate." The reporter did not tarry longer. "I guess the

best thing for me to do is to report that Mr. Egan was out. Good night !" "Good night, my lad."

The mild-mannered man looked after the dappe The mild-mannered man looked after the dapper little fellow until he saw him disappear down the stairs, and then he opened his bedroom door, emitting, as he stepped within, something very like a chuckle. Who he really was remains a sealed mystery, but it should be put into evidence, as bearing on the subject, that he left in his room when he went away a diseaseded shirt-collar and the name upon it was certainly "Patrick Egan."

RATHER EMBARRASSING TO THE GIRL.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

A young woman brought a ring to a jeweller the other day and requested him to reset the stone, which she said was loose. She spoke of it as a diamond solitaire. The jeweller took the ring and said he would attend to it. As the customer was leaving the store the jeweller called her back and said: "This stone is glass, ma'sm—I want you to understand that."

The young woman colored up and exclaimed with wragh in her voice: "It's no such thing—it's a real diamond. Glass, indeed:"

"Excuse me, ma'am," politely rejoined the jeweller. "It is nothing more than a piece of common crystal or glass. There is no doubt whatever about it."

"But it was a present given to me last Christma

"But it was a present given to me last Christmas by a very dear friend who wouldn't think of giving me a sham diamond," the young woman persisted.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied the jeweller, "some-body's been deceived very likely, but this stone is absolutely worthless; a chip of glass."

Well, the young woman argued still further about the ring and insisted it was very valuable, and at last took a away with her, saying that she would take it somewhere else to be repaired. She was nearly in tears when she left the store.

After sha had gone the jeweller said to me: "I did not want to hurt that siri's feedings, but when a ring of that kind is given to me to be repaired I always make it a practice of having it clearly inderstood that the stone is valueless. If I did not I should run the risk of having that young woman come back after she had discovered that the stone was not a diamond, and accuse me of changing it in the resetling. Such a charge was once made against me under ctroumstances of this kind, and since then I have followed a cautious polley for my own protection. That girl was honest, I've no doubt, but I cannot afford to false any chances."

DID BACON WRITE SHERIDAN, TOO? From The Boston Herald.

Overheard in a Cambridge car: "Don't you love Shakespeare!" "O, yes! I just dote on him. I saw "School for Scandal' the other night. You know that's one of Shakespeare's bot plays!"

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL

RESULTS OF DEMOCRATIC "REFORM" "UNDER CIVIL SERVICE RULES." HE WILL HEAD THE PROCESSION-AN UNEX

PECTED ANSWER-HOW MR. ALLEN'S

POCKET WAS BEACHED-"OLD SUGAR

MOUTH"-AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.

Washington, March 16.-The somewhat hybrid

Cleveland in 1884, and was thereupon promoted

under Civil Service Rules," distinguished himself

nee in a claim, he directed the attorney therein to

replied that he had so far been unable to persuade

als client to supply the evidence called for; that in those benighted Western regions, while life and lim

were, doubtless, held far too cheaply by wicked and bloodthirsty men, still "hari-kari" had not yet become

an ordinary feature of social existence, hence he found

he consinded, "the Commissioner of Pensions would

kindly send on both President Cleveland's pardon in advance, and a metallic coffin, he would procure the

desired evidence, 'vi et armis,' and send it on, or

Another eminent Democratic worthy, David

Wear, appointed by Black from Missouri as Chief of

seat, wrote an exceedingly grandiloquent letter to

the Southern Division, a week or two after taking

The Washington Post" in which he stated that, under

the operations of the Civil Service law, Democratic

Reform was filling the Pension Office with a class of

nuch abler and more cultured men than heretofore

Some time ago a clerk in his Division wrote to

claimant applying for a pension on account of a wounded shoulder, that the hospital returns showed

wound of scapula." The distinguished and cultured

Missouri patriot, however, maintained that a woun

after the medical dictionary had been shown to him

and flatly refused to let the letter go out. This

scholarly offshoot of the Southwestern Democracy has

had more ex-soldiers "bounced" and has distinguished

himself by more coarse and brutal tyranny than any

other Chief of Division in Washington. Well know

ing his extreme unpopularity, therefore, he wrote out

his resignation, but as soon as he heard that Mr.

Noble, of Missouri, was made Secretary of the In-

terior, he said he should not send it in, for his

backers, Senators Cockrell and Vest, were good

friends of that official's, and would immediately make

John S. Williams, of Indiana, who has held the

office of Third Auditor of the Treasury for the last

four years, is a Democrat of the old school, and when

assuming the duties imposed upon him in the early

part of 1885, was thoroughly imbued with the doc-

trine, "To the victors belong the spoils." He had

hardly warmed his chair before he began to map out

lected was a young man from Indiana named Heath.

Without warning or explanation Heath's discharge

drous of finding out the cause of his removal; so he

marched into the office of the Third Auditor and

asked Colonel Williams why he had been "bounced."

The sarewd old politician from the Hoosier State

smiled, and then, fixing his eyes intently on his vic

high compliment that I have paid you. Being an

Indiana man I selected you to head a long and in-

teresting procession which is just about to start. In-stead of finding fault with me you ought to feel flat-

tered that your height and fine personal appearance

The tables have now been turned, and the other day a friend of the Third Auditor remarked:

started in 1885? Looks as if you will head one you

The grizzly old Hoosier smiled and replied

Do you remember, John, that procession that you

"Right you are. It will not be many days before

will turn my face toward the dear old State. But,

ome to think of it, I got a good deal of solid satis

faction after all in bouncing Republicans while I had

Among the Democratic lights that went out with

the close of the Lth Congress was young George

Anderson, of Illinois, who represented the Quincy

District. His election was an accident. The dis

trict is overwhelmingly Democratic. The old Bour-

bons attempted to sit down on the young Democrats.

but the "kids" selected Anderson as their candidate

and nominated and elected him. His chief opponent

was Scott Wike. Mr. Wike got into Congress four

has been trying to get back ever since. General

Singleton laid him out several times. Then an in-

significant nobody named James M. Riggs pushed him

Anderson defeated him. Wike was persistent, how ever, and finally got his "vindication," as he calls it

cessor. Wike lives in the little town of Pittsfield,

Tike County.

Like most county-seat towns in the West- the

business portion of Pittsfield is around the "Square,"

which encloses the court house. Men who have bust

ness in court sometimes go out among the stores or

offices, and when they are wanted at the court-house,

the sheriff puts his head out of the window and

solemnly calls them three times. It happened a

year or so ago that court was being held at Pittsfield

of the square. Appeals to the jury and appeals to

cannot save." he exclaimed with great earnestness.

Just at that moment the sheriff in the court-house

cross the way put his head out of the window and

The exhorter was puzzled for a moment. He had

not expected so definite a reply to his demand for in-formation. But he was not to be shaken in his

of religious zeal and confidence on his face, he shouted

"Tom" Reed, Julius C. Burrows and several other

well-known members of the House were interested spectators of the ceremonies in the Senate Chamber

on Inauguration Day. In front of Reed stood Kil-

gore, of Texas, the great objector of the House, upon

whom the mantle of Holman seems to have fallen. Just then the Chaplain began to deliver himself of an

inusually long prayer. Reed was sflent for about

"There stands Kilgore, who beats Holman two to

one-and that beats the devil-and yet, when he could

serve the country by calling the regular order on the

Chaplain, he stands there with his mouth shut and

the mendicants of Washington amuse bim very much,

him." one did prove too much for him the other day

and that, while they do not often "get away with

'I was sauntering down Pennsylvania-ave.," said

the humorous Allen-" I always love to saunter when

the weather will permit-and I was tackled by four

beggges before I had walked eight blocks. The first

one addressed me as 'Captain,' But he didn't reach me. The next one, who looked awfully troubled,

day, addressed me as 'Major.' But that wouldn't

called me 'Judge'; but he, too, failed completely to

ing whether I should go into the Senate Chamber and

find out who were getting the big plums under this

Administration, a seedy-looking fellow stopped righ

in hard luck'"And before I knew it that little piece of flattery bac

yanked a quarter of a dollar out of my pocket."
"This episode," continued the Mississippian, "re

ainds me of a little colloquy between the famous

Bishop Polk, of Tennessee, after having taken his seat

'Senstor, I won't detain you but a moment. I am

reach my pocket-book, Finally just as I was wonder

who swore he hadn't had a mouthful to eat al

Then a fellow touched me on the arm and

Congressman John Allen, of Mississippi, says that

three minutes, and then remarked sotto voce to hi

is. Even he can be saved !"

won't say a word."

in front of me and said:

" Well, is you a majah, sah ?

"'You mus' be a gen'ral, den." "You doesn't look like a Judga, boss,"

"'No; I am not a major."

Waving his hand aloft and with an expression

Who is Scott Wike? I don't care how wieled he

"Scott Wike! Scott Wike! Scott Wike!"

declared that all men might receive salvation.

fall. He was elected young Anderson's suc

en or sixteen years ago and was then retired. He

entitle you to lead the procession.

self before long, ch ?"

the swing."

Pike County.

eried:

"Ah. Mr. Heath, you are not aware of th

Quite naturally, the latter was de

his plans for cutting off heads. The first victim

of scapula was not a wound of the shoulder,

it difficult to obtain the soldier's consent to the pro-

claimant's legal adviser, after some delay

for a brief but melancholy season. An examiner to the United States Pension Bureau, who "Mugwumped"

The Physical Wreck, to an important

furnish at an early date "the soldier's

curement of the viscera required.

perish in the attempt."

him "solid."

was made out.

tim, said:

"I am not a Judge, either." 'Well, fo' de Lawd, boss, what is you any way? "'I am a bishop.' "'I know'd you was on de top of the pile,

where, fo' su'ah."

There is one incident in the career of the " Physical Wrech" that ought to be told before he fades from view. The Democrats out in Illinois have habit of passing the Senatorial nomination arou They nominate and vote for a man for Senator, and as they never elect, they relieve the monoton Physical Wreck's" turn came in 1879, when eral Logan was elected the second time. He nominated in due form, for not withstanding their ccessive failures, the Illinois Democrats go through the forms as solemnly as though there was a cha of success. State Senator Dearborn was select present General Black's name to the Senate. Senator Dearborn is known in Illinois as "Old Suga fouth" on account of the sweetness of his which is of a remarkably fine quality. "Old Sugar

in a way that must have made his conscience prick "This great statesman," he said in rounding out his speech, "this spiendid jurist, this grand soldier wh I nominate for the high office of United States Sens-

crose to speak for General Black he eulogized him

Mouth" never does things by haives, and who

tor is-" Here "Old Sugar Mouth" faltered. He clutched the air. He had forgotten the name of the sta man, jurist and soldier whom he desired to nomin There was an awkward and awful panse. Sitting be side Mr. Dearborn was Tom Merritt, the stutte tatesman from Salem. He saw "Sugar Mouth's dilemma and tried to help him out. Leaning over toward Dearborn be stammered in what was inten to be a whisper, but in tones loud enough to be heard all over the Senate Chamber:

B-B-Bla-ack, y-you f-f-fool! There was a roar of langhter all over the Cham-"Old Sugar Mouth" was completely floored. He could not continue his speech, and his sugary vere no longer heard advocating the election

Colonel Pierce, of Dakota, tells of a member of the Legislature of that Territory who takes an interest in public affairs, and who is in the habit of right out in meeting." Not many months ago the Governor, Church, who has been at a dead-look the Legislature already, sent in the nomination of a one-legged man for a prominent office, and it became the duty of the Legislature to consider whether to confirm it or not. This statesman to whom Colonel Pierce alludes took the floor and made a brief but effective speech. "Gentlemen of the Legislature," said he; "Let u

look the situation calmly in the face and see if we can stand this sort of a nimcompoop in the office to which he has been nominated. He trades mostly, as I'm told, gentlemen, on his timber leg, but don't be fooled on that. Did he lose his meat and bone leg in the war, gentlemen, did he lose it in the war! he did not lose it in the war. Did he lose it in the harvest field? No, sir, he did not lose Then how did he lose in the harvest field. it, you ask, and you have a right to ask it, gentlemen. It is your right to ask all questions you are a mind to about the way in which this duffer leg, and I can answer them. I will tell you how he lost his leg. He was riding, gentlemen, over the prairies great and growing Territory, turning out of their hamble extrages the widows and orphans of poor soldiers who were not able to pay rent, in the dead midst of winter, when the good and wise Creator, who shelters and feeds the sparrows and never allows the children of the righteous to be begging bread, froze his -- shins off."

It is a generally accepted theory that a man is never great to his intimates, which may account for a set-to that the late Civil Service Commissioner had with one of his old friends. in which the Honorable Commis-sioner was routed. Mr. Chester R. Faulkner is the head of one of the bureaus in the Pension Office, an old friend of Edgerton's and a combination that one often finds in the States of illiteracy and cleverns Some recent rules of the Commission not suiting Mr. Faulkner, he interviewed Mr. Edgerton on the subject, pointed out their weakness and impracticability and nelsted upon it that they should be changed. seems that this was a weak point of Edgerton's, and he thundered back at Faulkner in a voice that would

have made a weaker man tremble. "You old ignoramus, you, what do you know about Those rules are all right. I made them and they

are not going to be changed."
"Very well." said Faulkner, "very well, Edgert That's all right. You and I know all there is to know in this world, I reckon, so we won't say anything nore about the rules."

"We know everything there is to know!" said Edgern. "What the devil do you mean?"
"Well," answered his friend, "you know everything

here is to know 'cept jess one thing-and I know that." "Hem!" mused Edgerton becoming interested, as

we all do under the influence of a bit of flattery. What is it you know and I don't?" erton, as I said, you know everything there is to know in this world, 'cept jess one and I know that, and that is that you're a -

fool. Good morning," and Mr. Faulkner walked off. Senator Ingalls is no less bright and pointed in his remarks of a social character than he is on the floor of the Senate, and, as is usual with men of very spare build, is attracted by women who incline to stoutness. One of his favorities, a girl of ample proportions, who had spent the summer out of town, returned recently, and it was reported to the Senator that she had lost flesh during her outing. "Well," said the Senator, "that won't do; you will please tell — that my affect tion for her decreases in exact proportion to her loss

during the summer. About the same time a band of religious enthusiasts known as Sanctificationists came of flesh." "I don't like Mr. H-," said a young woman in along and erected a tent on a vacant lot on one side noch ty to a newly arrived political light. " He is such the Throne of Grace were being sent up at the same

" Do you know," said her companion, " that I nev time. One morning the exhorter among the religious noticed that; I never pay any attention to a man's form, any way, but it is the first thing I look at in enthusiasis was unusually earnest in his appeal. He Show me the man; name the man whom Christ a woman. It adds so much to her style

It is perfectly astonishing how quickly a man can jump a fence, when it separates him from his ambition Republican Senator happened to meet a friend of his who was appointed to office by Cleveland, had held it for four years, and now is icth to give it up. Slap-ping him on the back in a fraternal way, he said to a

riend who was standing by, "Here is a solid Democrat, but a royal good fellow just the same, who may, I hope, heep his office, even

if some of my boys have to suffer for it." 'Democrat!" said the "royal good fellow." " Demo erat! Why, you know every one said I was a Republican when I was appointed, and really, if I could have oted last fall I think I would have cast the straight Republican ticket," and he smiled a sickly smile nto the face of his friend, who had suddenly grown into ice, and has ceased to believe his once intimate friend " a royal good fellow."

The new game, "Pigs in Clover," is in high favor with every one in Washington, from the small boy, who grows wild with excitement over it in the nursery, to the grave official, who finds an agreeable distraction from official business in shaking the silly thing about and getting the undisciplined pigs safely penned. In one of the Departments not long since, a group of prominent men were gathered about a man of National reputation, who was moving the box about in his hand, now quickly, now slowly, now with hope written on his countenance, now with blank despair, as the exasperating little animals would roll in and out of the pen. The mon who stood watching the game were in breathless suspense, until at last, after much shaking and turning, the four pigs were safely housed, and, with a triumphant air, the states

man looked up flushed with victory.

"You see," said he, "it is an easy matte four pigs in a pen big enough to hold six, but," point-ing to his table, on which were bundles of suspicious-looking letters, "what is a man to do when one pen only holds one pig, and there are a thousand pigs to each pen ?"

There is never an end to the funny things told of the happenings at Cabinet receptions, when those who are called the "great unwashed" are allowed to freely enter and circulate among those who are called the "swells." At these receptions it has become the custom to invite a half-dozen or so of the most popular girls in society, whose duty it is to see that every one is properly served to the light refreshments from the tostable, and to attack wall-flowers and take care that they are not bored to death. One practical girl, who is a popular assistant of society

at a table in a Washington hotel, and the walter who was ever on the alert for tips, and who knew he had a distinguished man to serve.

"What kin, I do for you, Cap'n!" he inquired.

"I am not a captain," said the bishop. hostesses, because she is not only ornamental but usoful, approached a guest at the house of the Secre-tary of State at one of Miss Bayard's last receptions d said, "Madam, can I serve you to anything?" "No, I thank you," sald Madam, "I just gave my order to one of those other girls."

A smile dimpled the face of the hospitable belle, but she was determined not to be rebuffed in this manner, so approaching a poor, forlors individual,

who looked as if she had just buried her en and had not a friend left in the world, a season approaches, every one is embracing this de-lightful weather to get even with their visiting lists.

The time is so short that one must hurry; have you made many calls to-day?" "No, Miss," said the forlorn woman, "I sin't out embracing weather, but I thought to myself I would just drop in here and see the people and get a bit of something to est." The poor belle subsided and made

no more efforts that aft Every one is grumbling that Senator Paimer's ap-pointment as Minister to Spain will take him away from Washington, and the Spanish Court will never have given hospitality to a more genial man or a more agreeable woman than our Senator and Mrs. Paimer. Now his old friends are asking if he will earry his Moody and Sankey Hypon Book with him, and insist that the hymn on which he has expended most voice lately is "Almost Persuaded."

# THE FUTURE OF NEW-YORK

A COMMISSION TO ENLARGE ITS AREA

SOME OF THE PEATURES OF THE PROJECT—THE DUTIES OF THE COMMISSION WILL BE ONLY TO DEFINE AND RECOMMEND.

If Assemblyman Crosby's bill to define anew the city of the next generation will be a giant in con-trast with the New-York of to-day. The development of the plan can only be, as its originators say, gradual. The bill means simply that a commission shall be appointed which shall not have power to make an change, but shall ascertain carefully what are th century. At such times as it may consider necessary the commission will report to the Legislature on the subject, with such recommendations as may be found desirable. With the Legislature and the people will then rest the option of carrying out such re

The commission, as proposed by Mr. Crosby's bill, is to consist of six persons, one named by the Mayor of New-York, one by the Mayor of Brooklyn, and one each by the Supervisors of Westchester, Queens, Kings and Richmond countles, and with these are named in the bill Andrew H. Green, J. S. T. Stranahan, Frederic W. Devoe, John Foord, Calvert Vaux, the landscape architect, and State Engineer Begart. The comm will elect its presiding officer. The members are to receive no salaries and are to be in no way pecuniarily interested in the changes recommended. Their ex-penses are to be limited to \$5,000, in obtaining such information as may be required. The State Engineer is to furnish all the information in his power relating to the cities and towns in the area mention cost to the commission, which will not be empowered to menr any obligations at the expense of the cities and towns. If the bill becomes a law the act is to go into effect at once and the commission will appointed this spring.

SOME. WELL-KNOWN MEN CHOSEN

Some of the best known citizens of New-York and Brooklyn have been chosen. They have been identified with the best development of both eitles and the purpose has been to separate the project entirely from anything of a political or person character. A similar project was undertaken in the early part of the century by De Witt Clinton, whose forts contributed largely to the building of the canal system of the State. He was one of could foresee, even before the time of steam, a fair idea of the future of New-York. It was through his efforts that the plan of the city above Fourteenth st, was carried out in a regular, systematic His plans were not followed precisely, as they did not provide for Central Park, as it now exists, but for several smaller parks, each about one-quarter the size of Central Park, and placed respectively on the east and west sides of the city, between Fourteenth-at. and what is now One-hundred and-twenty-fifth-st. No specific area is suggested by the Crosby bill to

the new boundaries, that being left entirely judgment of the commission to recommend. But the general scope of the project has been outlined at different times by Andrew H. Green, who has for years given attention to the growth and interests of the city. These views may be modified in many ways before a report is made. The project of Mr. Green is to unite under one general municipal government Manhattan Island and the Annexed District, Brooklyn Flushing, Jamaica and the whole of Kings and Queen counties and Staten Island. This would make a cit. whose area would include 320 square miles, with counting the navigable waters. It is estimated t this area will show by the next census a population of 3,000,000 people, making the city second in six in the world. London has now a population of over 4,000,000, and it embraces the towns and villages within a territory of 690 square miles, or more than twice that contemplated in the district of New-York.
SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES.

The direct advantage to the outlying communities will be that a central government improvements which will tend to make more perfect in each neighborhood the schools, ne police, the streets, the postal delivery, etc. corporation, Mr. Green says, can only be determined by the gradual development of the project. His general idea is that it would all be under one mayor. The great metropolitan district would be divided into smaller districts, each of which would elect its members to a central legislative body annually, and the consolidation of these interests would result in

members to a central legislative body annually, and the consolidation of these interests would result in botter government all over the torritory, reduced expenses and a lower rate of taxation.

Frederick W. Devoe approves the project because of its wide and progressive character. The growth of the city has for the last half century, he says, been of a piccemeal character, only looking forward to the advantages of the day, and seeing nothing of what will come to-morrow. Such a corporation as Mr. Green proposes would mean a generous and liberal development of the interests of all sections of the community. Mr. Stranahan believes that the large part of Brooklyn's people would be in accord with a policy such as this. The interests of New-York and Brooklyn are in common as much as those of Harlem and lower New-York. All great improvements in this city are now far behind the demands, owing to local fealonsies and the narrow spirit which confines the city to the island. Before this project can be completed, it is argued, the Harlem River will have become open to shipping, and commerce will be building docks all around the island. The water frontage of Brooklyn will become, under consolidation, of greatly increased value, and stretching down the hay and including Staten Island; the fature city will control the entire pier front of the harbor, excepting the strip on the New Jersey shore.

The needs of the new city would require and would foster the most perfect systems of rapid transit between its distant points. It would call for additional bridges, not only over the East River, but over the Hudson, and connection with Staten Island either by bridge or inneel at the Narrows. Underground routes and tunnels might easily make it possible for passengers to ride by express train from Jamaics or Staten Island to any central point, or to Yonkers or Mount Yenoon in the time it now requires to ride from the Battery to the Grand Central Station at Forty-excondest. The advocates of the plan and the commission point to the growth

COMBINING BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

From The Albany Journal.

It is a breach of ctiquette to allow the handing out of advertisements to people as they emerge from a theatre. Aristogratic people would deem it an insult to have an advertisement shoved into their hands as they were departing even from so public a place. Judge, then, of the surprise of the members of some of Albany's best families when, upon leaving the house of one of the society leaders at a recent swell event, a young man in livery standing within the ballway shoved into the bands of each guest a neatly-folded piece of paper resembling a handle-criber, which upon being opened disclosed the advertisement of a dealer in fish, oysters and clams.

AN INTERESTING WILL CONTEST SETTLED! AN INTERESTING WILL CONTEST SCITLED.

Kausas City dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

The Barber estate case, which was to have been asgued before the Circuit Court of Kausas City, Kan., this week, has been settled. Forty-three years age M. K. Barber, a wealthy Eastern farmer, came West and purchased 240 acres of land in the vicinity of Argentine, Kan., from the Indians. He atterward added soveral town lots and houses in Armourdale to his possessions, making the entire estate worth about 8250,000. A day after Barber's departure from his New-York bouse his wife died in giving birth to a male child. When but one day old the boy was placed in the care of his aunt, who at that time was a mother of a boy born on the same day as his cousin. One of these boys died, and the nurse was at a loss to tell which. It was finally decided, however, that it was the son of young Barber's aunt. M. K. Barber sgala married a few years after arriving in the West, and

the validity of the will. The defence que identity of John K. Barber, cts/ming that who died forty-three years ago was M. I son, and that John K. was the nephew cased. The case was settled by the step-ing the son, John K. Barber, \$60,000.